

## CHARIVARIA.

THE PRINCE OF WALES has been invested as a Knight of the Garter. One of the best investments the Nation has ever made.

Everyone is hurrying up to see the Coronation, and the cry is, Still they come. A puma, a crocodile, and two chimpanzees were born at Bostock's Jungle at the White City last week.

During the great heat, we hear, the promoters of the Coventry Coronation Procession were inundated with offers from ladies who were willing to fill the rôle of Lady GODIVA without any fee whatever.

We are told that in the work of designing the Coronation Cake presented to the KING the services of a Royal Academician were employed. This is quite credible, for we believe that the Albert Memorial in Hyde Park was designed by a Royal Academician.

Sir JAMES BARR, the Liverpool physician, addressing the congress of the Canadian Medical Association, said that the dawn of a new era in the medical world was breaking forth, and, under the system of prevention of disease, there should be little future need of surgical interference. We hear that a Surgeons' Defence Society is to be formed at once to prevent this.

More realism! The new *Samson* at the Opera, the other night, brought the house down.

"Mothers visiting the Crystal Palace," it was announced last week, "may, at an inclusive charge of fourpence for the whole day, leave their children at the Model Day Nursery." We have since heard that an old lady of seventy, with strong views on a woman's right to "live her own life," took advantage of this offer, depositing her two sons, aged fifty and fifty-one respectively, in the

Nursery while she made the tour of the Festival of Empire.

An attempt is to be made to change the name of the Gaiety Theatre to the Jayety Theatre.

At the Coronation Exhibition there is a stall where, according to an announcement, one may purchase "Old Egyptian Antiquities." Lovers of Modern Antiquities will have to go elsewhere.

A two-hundred-guinea hat, made to the order of a customer, was on view

"Honour for Mr. JESSE COLLINGS." This makes the other gentleman out to be a very superior person.

The wine growers of the Aube district are now incensed against the Government for labelling their wine "champagne of the second zone." We certainly prefer ours to be of the third, or frigid, zone.

Some of the inhabitants are even going so far, in their rage, as to invite the GERMAN EMPEROR to annex them. It is rumoured that His Majesty may accept the offer with a view to exchanging the district later on for Morocco.

The City Press is authorised to state that, despite suggestions to the contrary, the City is giving very earnest consideration to the question of centralising the criminal work of the Metropolis at the Old Bailey. It is thought that this announcement will satisfy our Metropolitan criminals, who were fearing that their interests were being neglected, and were even talking of going on strike.

The London General Omnibus Company has decided to instruct its drivers to moderate their speed with a view to reducing the

number of accidents. It is presumed that one of their customers must have been run over by one of their vehicles.

"I am only surprised," said an omnibus driver, interviewed on the subject, "that there are not more accidents." As a matter of fact some persons are of the opinion that there are.

"FRENCHMAN or GERMAN.—A permanent VACANCY occurs with good export firm for young foreigner, to act as VOLONTAIRE. 20s. after a few weeks."—*Daily Telegraph*.

Too simple! Not even a Frenchman or German, willing as they may be to work for nothing in England, is going to jump at a "permanent vacancy."



IN ORDER TO AVOID "SOCIAL BIAS," JUDGES IN FUTURE WILL BE SELECTED FROM ALL CLASSES.

at a milliner's last week. In the same way one sometimes sees frames of considerably greater value than the pictures which they surround.

During the re-building of a post-office in the Borough the workmen discovered fifteen letters, posted in 1886, 1888 and 1889, behind an old sorting-table. An admirer of CHARLES LAMB suggests that all our post-offices shall be re-built with a view to discovering other missing letters.

"The Birmingham City Council, yesterday, decided to confer the honorary freedom of the city upon Mr. JESSE COLLINGS, M.P., and Alderman WILLIAM KENRICK." This announcement is entitled by *The Express*

## TO WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

[On the occasion of the Historic Costume Ball given in his honour, June 20th.]

MASTER, I would the scene were graced by you  
When, richly dizen'd by the costume-drapers,  
For your peculiar benefit we do

Our set quadrilles and honorific capers;  
To miss in person this so flattering boom,  
To have no part in our memorial melly,  
Should make your hallowed bones assume  
A restive air within the tomb  
At Stratford-cum-Corelli.

Swift falls to some the meed of high renown;  
At eve their fame is *nil*; they've not begun it;  
Next morning they're the talk of half the Town—  
A column in *The Daily Mail* has done it.  
But, ere the country came to understand  
That *your* performance furnished ample reason  
For pomps of so superb a brand,  
It took them just three centuries and  
A Coronation Season.

But now the Smart Contingent "takes you up:"  
For you, the very last of London's crazes,  
Society consents to dance and sup—  
The noblest monument it ever raises;  
Not theirs to question—that were too abstruse—  
Whether your actual merit more or less is,  
But, like a charity, your use  
Is to afford a fit excuse  
For wearing fancy dresses.

Thus in their dinner-parties forth they go,  
Plumed and brocaded, wigg'd and precious-stony—  
Rosalind, Portia, Puck and Prospero,  
Strikingly reproducing your *persona*;  
All times and scenes—from Hamlet's Elsinore  
To Juliet's "fair Verona" (quattro-cento),  
Making for you, from out their store  
Of rather vague historic lore,  
A truly *chic* memento.

Master, if such affairs intrigue your ghost  
Moving at large among the world's immortals,  
You'll guess what motive bids this gallant host  
Swarm to the masquerade through ALBERT's portals.  
Is it your show or theirs? Of such a doubt  
Your human wit will make a healthy clearance:  
You'll judge that all who join the rout  
Are solely exercised about  
Their personal appearance.

And yet—God speed them at their "SHAKSPEARE Ball,"  
Treading (on others' toes) the daedal dances,  
Though some have never read your plays at all,  
And some imagine you are BACON (FRANCIS).  
They serve an end; their ticket-money buys  
Solid material for the shrine we owe you;  
And soon a temple's walls shall rise  
Where, even under English skies,  
People may get to know you.

O. S.

## ALL THE PREPARATIONS.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Special French Correspondent.)

I HAVE recounted you, my dear Colleg, how it is passed  
itself that I have loused a chamber at Putney, faubourg  
very agreeable situate on the bords of the Thames. For  
to find it I have dued to sue blood and water, but now  
I live like a cock in paste. It is a modest house, a quinqu-

caillery, and the proprietor names himself Bolus, droll  
of name, but one must not regard to it of too near, for  
my chamber has the air to be pulled to four pins. Even  
at Paris, town of the propre chambers, one would not  
find nothing of more propre. Mr. the quinqucaillier Bolus  
is an honest boy. He speak not a word of French. "I  
learn not the lingo at school," he say, "and now it  
is too late; the old dogs learn not tricks any more."  
I say to him "There is my affair," I say. "I desire to  
exerce myself to speak English." He say, "Right, all  
right; we shall not fall out, I daresay," and me to answer  
him, "Parbleu, no," I say to him, "the bed is big enough  
for that I do not fall out of it." He places himself to  
laugh. "Aha," he say, "you are a joker; I like jokers."  
My little pleasantry, I make myself strong to say it, has  
had a mad success, for he call Madame Bolus and repeat  
it to her, and then he call his daughter Miss Bolus, and  
she too has to pass by there, but she say, "Papa! how  
you do run on," and at the end I tend him my hand  
and say, "Tap there, my old," and he taps, and there  
we are then friends. When I think at the detestable  
McAndrews it is well the case to felicitate myself of  
having had the courage to demenage from there. I believe  
I have well pulled my pin out of the game.

Chez Madame Bolus, there is not even difficulty about  
the repasts. For my breakfast she between-opens the  
door of my chamber and pushes me in on the carpet a  
cup of coffee to the milk and some tartines of butter.  
That suffices me; it is the habitude of us other Frenches.  
And the coffee is of an excellence, but of an excellence  
to make forget his salute! Never even in Paris I have  
not gouted of better. It appear that Mister Bolus is  
celebrate for his coffee in all the quarter. In the past  
he has had as locatary a professor of the French tongue  
who fell malade and was tenderly soigned by Madame  
Bolus who deployed for him all the virtues of a guard-  
malade. For reconnaissance, when he guerits, he give  
Madame Bolus a dictionary French-English, veritable  
trouvaille for me, though I have not employed him much  
yet, and he insigne Mister Bolus the art of making the  
coffee *à la Française*. "Truly," says Madame Bolus in  
recounting me this history, "we have not obliged an  
ingrate." Yes, they are brave peoples, these Bolus.

For the Crownment I have now a good billet at three  
pounds, and I shall be at same to make you see that  
grandiose spectacle with some French eyes.

Believe me, your all devout JULES MILLEFOIS.

[POST SCRIPTUM.—The time ecoules itself without that  
we apperceive ourselves of it and there we are at one week  
of the great eventment. I please myself to promenade me  
in the streets of London. What a changement of decoration!  
Everywhere workmen who chancel under the weight  
of long planches or gigantesque poutres. The face of the  
houses is covered of them. Everywhere the perpetual  
tic-tac of hammers, and everywhere the Policeman, robust  
and solid guardian of those who aventure themselves in the  
streets on a day of fête. I address myself to a Policeman  
who stations in Pall Mall. I say to him, "There will be  
much of world the day of the Crownment, is it not?" For  
all response he laugh, and then he say to me, "Yes, the  
whole world will be there, and a tidy lot more too."  
I write down his word and then I make him a pleasantry.  
I say to him, "But it is not tidy your amass of planches  
and poutres; it is everything what there is of most  
untidy." And he to answer me, "Vive l'ontonty cordialy!"  
—it is like that he pronounce the French. I serre him the  
hand and continue my promenade. I feel that to us two  
we can combat the world entire.]



## THE SUBURBAN LOYALISTS.

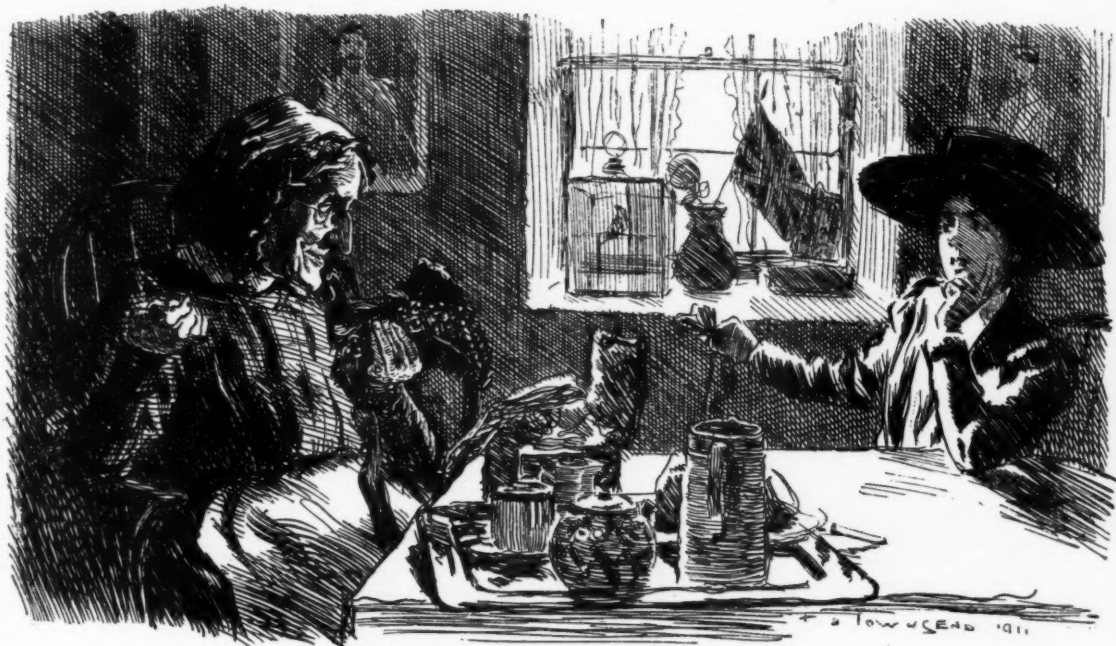
(Time—2 a.m.)

WIFE OF CORONATION ENTHUSIAST. "HAVE YOU GOT EVERYTHING! THE SANDWICHES AND THE TEA-FLASK AND THE CAMERA AND THE FIELD-GLASSES, AND THE MAP OF THE ROUTE, AND YOUR MACKINTOSH AND UMBRELLA, AND MY GOLOSHES, AND THE ANTI-SLUMBER TABLOIDS AND THE LATCHKEY!"

CORONATION ENTHUSIAST. "YES, MY LOVE; AND MY TOBACCO AND WHISKY, AND A SPARE COLLAR, AND A HAT-PIN PROTECTOR, AND A COPY OF THE POLICE-REGULATIONS."







Old Lady (trimming her bonnet for the festal occasion). "YES, MUM, I MISSED QUEEN VICTORIA'S CORONATION 'CAUSE IT WAS MOTHER'S WASHING-DAY, AND KING EDWARD'S 'CAUSE IT WERE MINE, BUT I'LL PUT OFF ME WASHING TILL CHRISTMAS RATHER THAN MISS TH'S 'UN."

### THE GREAT ADDLED REVIEW.

(With profound acknowledgments to the Proprietor and Editor of "The Great Adult Review.")

#### WHY ADDLED? BECAUSE

— Our standard is not that of the mealy-mouthed modernist, but of the noble savage who prefers his meat high.

Our Editor only recognises the morality of Truth and feels it his duty to proclaim "the fascination of corruption."

Addle is etymologically connected with the German *adel*—i.e. nobility.

Fresh eggs are useless as missiles wherewith to pelt self-righteousness.

Our aim is to free the downtrodden reading public from the enervating yolk of insipidity.

We are not purveyors of nursery pabulum but of strong meat for stout stomachs.

We stand for courage, originality, progress, and unlimited bilge-water.

The London Scottish are entertaining the Colonial troops on June 21 at a smoking concert to be held at headquarters, Buckingham Gate. There will be two rehearsals at Westminster Abbey next week.—*Evening Times*.

If we had not seen it in print we should never have believed it.

### ARMS AND THE ASS.

[Heraldic terms are not guaranteed.]

No ermined robes adorn me. Nay,  
My clothes are drab, with tie to  
match;

Although a bard, I can't display  
Even a modest purple patch;

Yet pride is strong in my plebeian  
breast,

And my ambition is to have a Crest.

But what? I spend long hours in  
thought,

Finding the problem very hard.

Sometimes it seems to me I ought,

Being, as I have said, a bard,

To have a Rampant Pen, or, better still,  
A Laurel Wreath impaled upon a Quill.

And when I ply my daily task

(Perched on a stool, with careworn  
face)

I cease my toil at times to ask

If this device would meet the case  
(Excuse mistakes; I've never learnt  
the rules)—

A Ledger flanked by Inkpots sable,  
gules.

Or, since such men are skilled and  
wise,

It won't be past the Herald's  
powers

To plan a Crest to symbolise

The passion of my leisure hours.

This, roughly, is the sort of thing I  
mean—

A Golfer sanguine putting on a Green.

In softer moments, when to Nell

My fancy wanders, I design

A thing which, if emblazoned well,  
Would look, I'm sure, extremely  
fine;

I know exactly how it should be done—

A Damsel proper habited A 1.

Yet, since my verses don't succeed,

And since I loathe the office stool,

And since my golf is vile indeed,

And Nell, of late, distinctly cool,

Why, dash it all, I may as well be  
frank,

And have a Bubble (burst) upon a  
Blank.

#### The New Suttee.

In reply to a request that he might have his hat returned to him, Master HARRY JAYAWARDANA has received the following answer in the columns of *The Ceylon Independent*:—

"Dear Sir,—Mudalizer Harry Jayawardana has evidently forgotten that he handed me his hat at the cremation of the late High Priest. I am sorry I failed to inform him before, that, carried away by the sentiment of the moment, I flung it to the burning pyre, hoping for future merit. May the merit be his, as he was the owner of the hat!"

### THE MUG MARKET.

(Quotations throughout are on the basis of "Middling" Mugs. That is to say they apply to the ordinary straight-forward Coronation Mug, with portraits of the King and Queen and the date, and either the Royal Arms or the Union Jack. Mugs with both the Royal Arms and the Union Jack or lavishly decorated with gold command a premium of some 20 to 30 per cent.)

*March 31st, 1911.*—During the past month the market has been somewhat narrow and restricted, though a few parcels for future delivery have changed hands. In face of the enormous stocks accumulating buyers have shown little anxiety to enter the market, and trading on the Spot has been purely nominal.

*April 30th, 1911.*—The market during April remained dull and listless with prices favouring buyers until the decision of one of the Midland County Councils, on the 22nd, to place their order—for 30,000—in Germany. On this intelligence a serious slump took place and, by the afternoon of the 23rd, Middling Mugs were quoted as low as 3½d. Profit-taking on the part of some of the larger Bears however had a steadying effect, and the recovery was still further assisted by the news from the Midlands which reached the Floor about noon on the following day. An indignation meeting of rate-payers, it will be remembered, had brought such pressure to bear that the Council had rescinded their former decision and placed the order in Great Britain. A buoyant and active market continued for several days. May mugs at one time were even quoted at a slight premium over June, and the end of the month found prices in the neighbourhood of 5½d. Stocks are however still accumulating.

*May 30th, 1911.*—The market in the past month has been subject to the most violent fluctuations, and the jobbers have reaped a veritable harvest. The great fire in the Potteries on the 13th resulted in a sudden and frenzied advance and, under the influence of buying orders, which poured in from all parts of the country, prices rose by leaps and bounds. Even when the news was received that nothing had been destroyed by the fire except some

hundreds of thousands of earthenware tea-pots the bulge continued, and the wildest rumours were current of depleted stocks. An illustrated circular which was sent out by one of the leading firms, showing the Coronation child in tears, and adorned with the legend "There's no Mug left for me," added fuel to the flames, and the climax was reached when the Parish Councils, which had so far held aloof, began to come in with sheaves of

### QUOTATIONS FOR MIDDLING MUGS.

*Noon: May 30th.*

May Delivery . . 4½d.  
June Delivery . . 4d. to 4½d.  
July Delivery . . ½d. to 1½d.  
(Nominal.)

*June 15th, 1911.*—The market has been in a deplorable state for the past fortnight, and the slump has continued daily. With all the larger corporations already supplied the demand has fallen away, and the trading in Mugs has been entirely of the hand-to-mouth variety. Many of the Parish Councils are still holding off—especially those in Scotland—with a view to lower prices. It is hoped that their orders, along with those of private buyers, may save the situation at the last moment.

*June 21st, 1911.*—*The Mug Market closed.*—The Mug Market closed its operations last night amidst unparalleled scenes of depression when the Parish Council of Crashie Howe, in Dumfriesshire, filled an order for 311 at the unprecedented price of 1½d.

It is understood that the whole of the remaining stocks have been acquired at scrap rates by a Yorkshire firm which has invented an ingenious process for removing the picture and design.



*Mrs. Bucket.* "PREPS YOU WOULDN'T MIND TELLIN' ME WHERE 'UD BE ABART THE BEST PLACE TO SEE THE CORINATION?"

*Policeman.* "WELL, I SHOULD SAY SOMEWHERE INSIDE THE ABBEY WOULDN'T BE AWF A BAD PLACE."

minor orders. At last prices broke suddenly, on the 29th, when *The Daily Mail* published a full report from its Own Correspondent, who had made an extended tour through the factories, warehouses and emporia of Great Britain, and estimated the number of Mugs still in stock at seven and a half million. This news was sufficient to defeat the rumour which had been industriously circulated that the Bull Clique had been quietly acquiring May options with a view to cornering the supply. The market slumped and closed quiet but feverish at much reduced rates.

"Madame Patti . . . sang with all her old pathos and charm 'Home, Sweet Home.' Sir Herbert Beerholm Tree, in moving a vote of thanks to the artists, echoed the sentiments of everyone present when he said that he would have liked 'the sweet tones of that dear remarkable lady' to be the last heard in the hall that afternoon." *Newcastle Daily Journal.*

Our contemporary is needlessly quick to second Sir HERBERT's modest reference to his own voice.

"Although twice knocked down, Mr. Haley, a local referee, gave the bantam-weight championship to Tommy Regan, Boston, against William Allen, England. The decision was received with hisses."—*Reuter.*

Question: Who knocked him down?  
Our money is on ALLEN.

### The Tomato Harvest.

"Tomatoes have profited by the weather, and it is said that this year's harvest will be the last for many years."—*Newcastle Daily Journal.*

This may be the local gossip among the tomatoes, but they will find next year that they have deceived themselves.



## BROTHERLY LOVE.

*Small Man (to burly acquaintance, who for no apparent reason has given a man a blow like a kick from a horse). "AVE YOU GOT SOMEFINK AGIN THAT BLOKE?"*

*Burly Acquaintance (surprised). "IM! WOT, AGIN OLE BILL? NOT LIKELY."*

*S. M. "WOT YOU 'IT 'IM FOR, THEN?"*

*B. A. (more surprised). "I GIVE 'IM A PAT 'COS I LIKES 'IM, O' COURSE. 'E'S A PAL O' MINE."*

*S. M. (alarmed). "LUMME! D'YOU THINK YOU'RE LIKELY TO GIT FOND O' ME?"*

MR. PUNCH'S LITERARY  
ADVERTISEMENTS.

## AT THE TELEPHONE.

*(After a too ubiquitous model.)*

*He. That you, sweetheart?*

*She. Yes, darling; what is it?*

*He. Oh! I want you to do something for me this morning when you go out shopping.*

*She. Hopping? I'm not going hopping. Why should I? Besides it's only June—they're not ripe yet.*

*He (shouting). Not hopping—shopping.*

*She. Oh! shopping? Why didn't you say so?*

*He. I did.*

*She. Well, what is it you want?*

*He. I want a bottle of Kurit.*

*She. You want to throttle a curate.*

*He (shouting). No, a bottle of Kurit.*

*She. I can't hear. A bottle of what?*

*He. Kurit, K-U-R-I-T. The famous and much advertised, but by no means beyond its deserts, preparation for the scalp.*

*She. Oh! you want something to make your hair grow?*

*He. No, no, no, I don't want something to make my hair grow. I want one thing to make my hair grow.*

*She. All right, I'll get you one thing. You didn't think I was going to get a dozen, did you?*

*He. But you must get the one thing I want.*

*She (rather irritably). Well, what is this wonderful one thing?*

*He. Kurit, sweetheart. There are many preparations for the hair on the market, as no doubt you have observed, but there is no preparation at once so sanitary and efficacious as Kurit, which, prepared from a number of safe but powerful medicaments, not only*

*stimulates the roots to promote growth but imparts to the resultant hair a glossy appearance. That is why I don't want anything but Kurit.*

*She. All right, darling, I'll get you a bottle of Kurit. Good-bye.*

*He. Stop a minute, don't ring off.*

*She. What is it?*

*He. There are two sizes of Kurit—one at eighteenpence and one at half-a-crown. Buy the half-crown bottle, for it is much more economical.*

*She. All right. Good-bye, darling.*

*[They ring off.]*

## More Commercial Candour.

1. From an outfitter's catalogue at Cape Town:—

"Make certain of getting the best of everything by sending to—'s."

"We advise you to buy the best, for even then it is not too good."



## TEN AND EIGHT.

THE only event of importance last week was my victory over Henry by ten and eight. If you don't want to hear about that, then I shall have to tell you a few facts concerning the coming ceremony of the Coronation. You'd rather have the other? I thought so.

The difference between Henry and me is that he is what I should call a good golfer, and I am what everybody else calls a bad golfer. In consequence of this he insults me with offers of bisques.

"I'll have ten this time," I said, as we walked to the tee.

"Better have twelve. I beat you with eleven yesterday."

"Thank you," I said haughtily, "I will have ten." It is true that he beat me last time, but then owing to bad management on my part I had nine bisques left at the moment of defeat simply eating their heads off.

Henry teed up and drove a "Pink Spot" out of sight. Henry swears by the "Pink Spot" if there is anything of a wind. I use either a "Quo Vadis," which is splendid for going out of bounds, or an "Ostrich," which has a wonderful way of burying itself in the sand. I followed him to the green at my leisure.

"Five," said Henry.

"Seven," said I; "and if I take three bisques it's my hole."

"You must only take one at a time," protested Henry.

"Why? There's nothing in Wisden or Baedeker about it. Besides, I will only take one at a time if it makes it easier for you. I take one, and that brings me down to six, and then another one and that brings me down to five, and then another one and that brings me down to four. There! And as you did the hole in five, I win."

"Well, of course, if you like to waste them all at the start—"

"I'm not wasting them, I'm creating a moral effect. Behold, I have won the first hole; let us be photographed together."

Henry went to the next tee slightly ruffled and topped his ball into the road. I had kept mine well this side of it and won in four to five.

"I shan't take any bisques here," I said. "Two up."

At the third tee my "Quo Vadis" darted off suddenly to the left and tried to climb the hill. I headed it off and gave it a nasty dent from behind when it wasn't looking, and with my next shot started it rolling down the mountains with ever-increasing velocity. Not until it was within a foot of the pin

did it condescend to stop. Henry, who had reached the green with his drive and had taken one putt too many, halved the hole in four. I took a bisque and was three up.

The fourth hole was prettily played by both of us, and with two bisques I had it absolutely stiff. Unnerved by this Henry went all out at the fifth and tried to carry the stream in two. Unfortunately (I mean unfortunately for him) the stream was six inches too broad in the particular place at which he tried to carry it. My own view is that he should either have chosen another place or else have got a narrower stream from somewhere. As it was I won in an uneventful six, and took with a bisque the short hole which followed.

"Six up," I pointed out to Henry, "and three bisques left. They're jolly little things, bisques, but you want to use them quickly. *Bisque dat qui cito dat*. Doesn't the sea look ripping to-day?"

"Go on," growled Henry.

"I once did a two at this hole," I said as I teed my ball. "If I did a two now and took a bisque, you'd have to do it in nothing in order to win. A solemn thought."

At this hole you have to drive over a chasm in the cliffs. My ball made a bee line for the beach, bounced on a rock, and disappeared into a cave. Henry's "Pink Spot," which really seemed to have a chance of winning a hole at last, found the wind too much for it and followed me below.

"I'm in this cave," I said when we had found Henry's ball; and with a lighted match in one hand and a niblick in the other I went in and tried to persuade the "Ostrich" to come out. My eighth argument was too much for it, and we re-appeared in the daylight together.

"How many?" I asked Henry.

"Six," he said, as he hit the top of the cliff once more, and shot back on to the beach.

I left him and chivied my ball round to where the cliffs are lowest; then I got it gradually on to a little mound of sand (very delicate work this), took a terrific swing and fairly heaved it on to the grass. Two more strokes put me on to the green in twenty. I lit a pipe and waited for Henry to finish his game of rackets.

"I've played twenty-five," he shouted.

"Then you'll want some of my bisques," I said. "I can lend you three till Monday."

Henry had one more rally and then picked his ball up. I had won seven holes and I had three bisques with which to win the match. I was a

little doubtful if I could do this, but Henry settled the question by misjudging yet again the breadth of the stream. What is experience if it teaches us nothing? Henry must really try to enlarge his mind about rivers.

"Dormy nine," I said at the tenth tee, "and no bisques left."

"Thank Heaven for that," sighed Henry.

"But I have only to halve one hole out of nine," I pointed out. "Technically I am on what is known as velvet."

"Oh, shut up and drive."

I am a bad golfer, but even bad golfers do holes in bogey now and then. In the ordinary way I was pretty certain to halve one of the nine holes with Henry, and so win the match. Both the eleventh and the seventeenth, for instance, are favourites of mine. Had I halved one of those, he would have admitted cheerfully that I had played good golf and beaten him fairly. But as things happened—

What happened, put quite briefly, was this. Bogey for the tenth is four. I hooked my drive off the tee and down a little gully to the left, put a good iron shot into a bunker on the right, and then ran down a hundred-yard putt with a niblick for a three. One of those difficult down-hill putts.

"Luck!" said Henry, as soon as he could speak.

"I thought I'd missed it," I said.

"Your match," said Henry; "I can't play against luck like that."

It was true that he had given me ten bisques, but, on the other hand, I could have given him a dozen at the seventh and still have beaten him.

However, I was too magnanimous to point that out. All I said was, "Ten and eight."

And then I added thoughtfully, "I don't think I've ever won by more than that."

A. A. M.

"By-the-way, we have of recent days neglected to inform our readers of the fact that Dr. W. G. Price still continues, each Thursday evening, at the hour of 8 p.m., to compel from the famous grand organ attached to the northern end of our vast Town Hall volumes of richest polyphony and no end of exquisite melody, accompanied by either hand, in rhythmiest, traditional Italian method. The latter pleases the *hoi polloi*; the former Bacchians; the cognoscenti few. In simpler phraseology, the learned doctor, a worthy successor to the famed Lemaire, opener of *sauit* organ a few brief years ago, delights and demands encores from audiences that should be four times as large at least once a week, and do not forget that that once is Thursday."

Adelaide Register.

Unless *The Daily Telegraph* can think of something really good in Coronation week, it looks as though Australia will retain the ashes.





*Lady (to bachelor host).* "SO DELIGHTFUL OF YOU TO THINK OF DINING US AT A SMALL SOHO RESTAURANT—SO BOHEMIAN, DON'T YOU KNOW."

*Waiter (in loud whisper).* "THE LADY'S HAD TWO BUTTERS ALREADY, SIR; IS SHE TO HAVE ANY MORE?"

### A LONDON LYRE.

*(Little topographies compiled for the benefit of our trans-Atlantic visitors.)*

#### THE TEMPLE.

FAR away, in dear old Sutter  
County, where the learn'd in law  
Swings the well-timed surrebutter  
To his fellow-pleader's jaw,

There your Pa (before the Railways  
Found him lucrative employ)  
Frowned in anger on the frail ways  
Of the local strong-arm boy,

Or in accents of abandon  
Wrung the jurymen to tears  
When they found his client's brand on  
Someone else's private steers.

Now his travelled footstep tarries  
Through the courts and ancient ways  
Trod by legal luminaries  
Practising in olden days.

Here in cloister, close and alley  
Toiled the great ones of the race,  
With whose works your Pa will dally  
When preparing for a case.

BLACKSTONE, BENJAMIN, LORD STOWELL,  
VESEY Junior, BROD. and BING.,

Mighty names that lawyers know well—  
This is where they had their fling.

Here they raised a legal system  
In all ages unsurpassed—  
Laws that, howsoe'er you twist 'em,  
Lay you by the heels at last.

Here they dined, a grave proceeding.  
Drank their toast in heavy port,  
Gossiped on the Art of Pleading  
And the latest thing in Tort.

Here amid the dust of ages  
Their successors toil to-day,  
Ten per cent. of whom (one gauges)  
Are in touch with actual pay;

While the briefless, howso clever,  
Waits in patience for the pelf;  
Etiquette says he must never  
Go and hunt a job himself.

Not so Pa; he was a hustler,  
Had an office near the jail,  
Where he kept the live-stock rustler  
Separated from his kale.

And when trains were wrecked or  
traction  
Cars collided he would make  
Haste toward the scene of action  
In the ambulance's wake.

He was up to all the dodges,  
Led the march at County balls,  
Joined a dozen different lodges,  
Christened babies, carried palls.

Now he's numbered with the giants,  
Rigs the smart combine and busts  
Judgments calling for compliance  
From the predatory Trusts.

Here, a law-confounded race's  
Evil genius, he learns  
How they tried the earliest cases  
For the earliest cash returns;

Notes how dignity is blended  
With a lively thirst for fees,  
And, his purview much extended,  
Headstowards the "Cheshire Cheese."  
ALGOL.

"A few days ago we published a letter from Mr. C. Pollard complaining about late trains on the South Indian Railway. We now learn that the late running is due owing to heavy engineering work on the line, and that the authorities are preparing a new time-table which, it is hoped, will in some way mitigate the inconvenience."—*Madras Mail*.

The same trick has been tried here, but the trains are still late. Some day the trains will be adjusted to the time-table as a change.



### SELF-DEFENCE IN THE STREETS.

A FOOT-PASSENGER, WHO HAS HAD THE MISFORTUNE TO SPRAIN HIS ANKLE, KEEPING OFF A DETERMINED RUSH OF FIRST-AIDERS TILL THE ARRIVAL OF THE POLICE.

### HOW TO KEEP COOL.

[A private and more effective recipe than those constantly suggested by the halfpenny Press.]

WHEN I weary of infinite lays  
(Like a hen) as the weather grows  
hotter,  
When Pegasus languidly heighs,  
And the Muse is a rotter,  
And I envy the ducks in the park and  
the seals at the Zoo and the otter;  
When the dust eddies up from the  
path  
Which the wheel of the motor car  
threshes,  
And no place allures but the bath,  
And no drink refreshes,  
And drives are all topped from the tee  
and all services faint in the meshes;  
Shall I list to the voice of the Press?  
Shall I purchase their hints for a  
copper  
On how I should cut down my dress  
(Which would hardly be proper),

And only eat turnips and wear a huge  
cabbage leaf under my topper?

Ah no! for the power of the mind  
Is lord of the frailties of matter,  
And food is so pleasant, I find,  
And I don't think my hatter  
Would let me fit greens in his tile, and  
I can't leave off clothes like a  
satyr.

My thoughts I relentlessly switch  
To souls who are fated to follow  
Some calling contrasted with which,  
When he worships Apollo,  
The weaver of honey-sweet songs is as  
cool as a cow in a wallow.

I think of the people who toil  
For gold in the grasp of the City,  
Of stokers and engine-room oil,  
Of bakers all gritty  
With germ of the standardized flour, and  
of chaps on some futile Committee.

I think of the hind hoeing roots,  
Of pedlars their articles hawking,

Of gallants in very tight boots  
(Blessed dream!) who are walking  
On shadowless plains with their loves  
and expected to do all the talking.

I think of the men on the *Mail*,  
I think of my butcher and grocer,  
And when all these solaces fail  
Am I comfortless? No, Sir!  
I think, and revive at the thought, of  
one place where it's fifty times  
closer. EVOE.

"Gideon reeled and blinked. Richmond was on him like lightning. Twice in swift succession came the dull, rather thickening thud of flesh hammered."—*"Daily Record" feuilleton.*

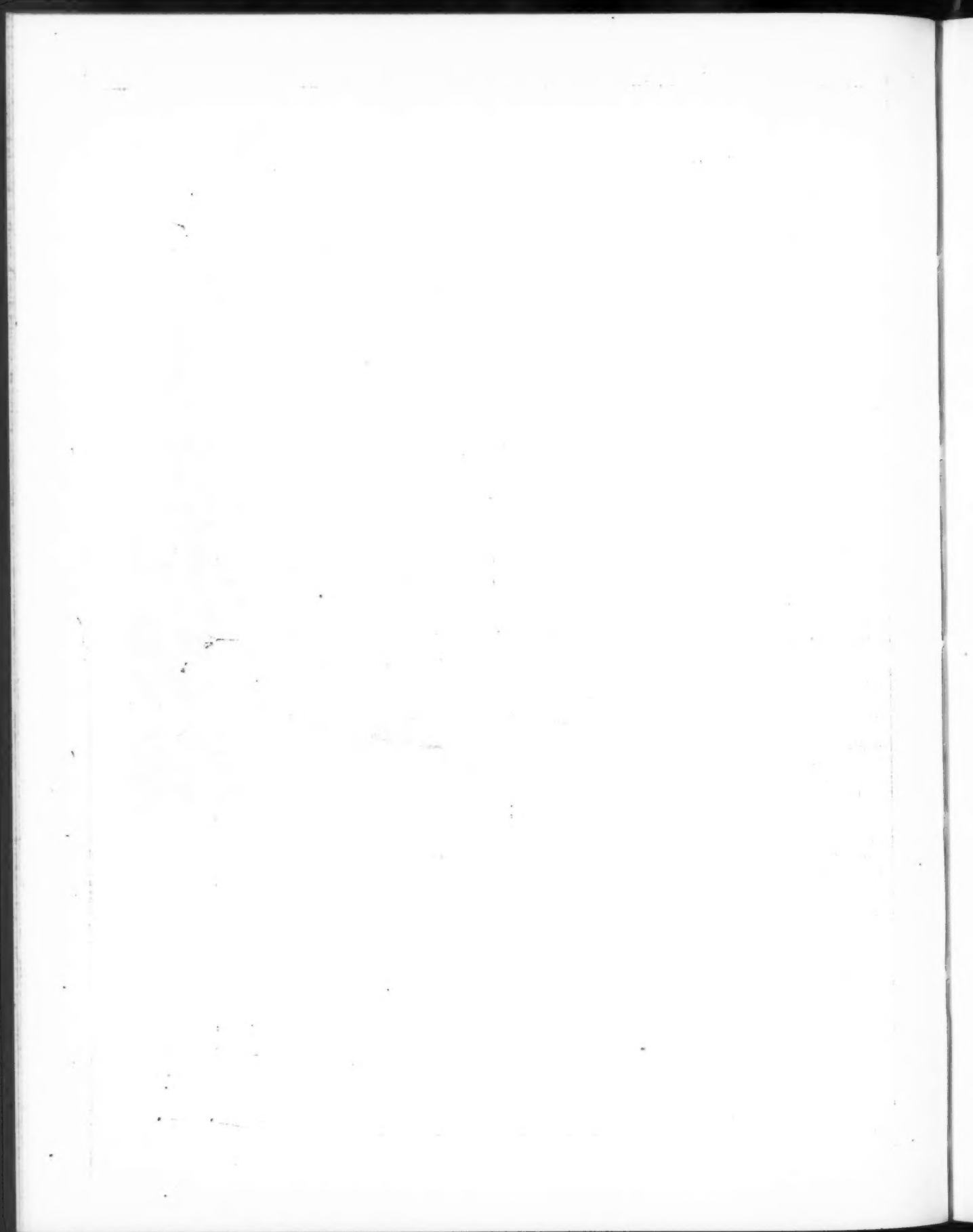
"Thick or clear thud?" said RICHMOND.  
"Clear," said GIDEON. "Twice."

"'It has been splendid, Mr. Darragh,' she said. 'Such a surprise, especially to we be-nighted villagers.' Just a tinge of bitterness was in these last words."—*"Daily Chronicle."*

The grammar, too, is of a rather acrid quality.



THE HERITAGE.





**ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.**

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Tuesday, June 13th.—Back after Whitsun Recess—at least, some of us. The children of light, including PRINCE ARTHUR, still linger in holiday byways. Colleagues on Front Bench dutifully follow their example; prevalent elsewhere, above and below Gangway on both sides. PREMIER in his seat, bronzed by fresh air of Imperial Conference-room. Also CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER, really amused at the way folk talk about magnitude and intricacies of Insurance Bill. SPEAKER still completing his cure. DEPUTY-SPEAKER in chair, arrayed in sweet simplicity of dinner-dress.

As usual, a more than half-empty House is the Minister's opportunity. Getting into Committee after brief spell of Questions, it takes Ordnance Vote in hand. Usually a stiff job. Closely touches wages question, and workmen have votes. Now the time and opportunity of testifying to local Member's personal interest in the wage-sheet. Not wholly neglected to-day. MARK LOCKWOOD, amongst whose constituents are wage-earners in Government factories at Waltham Abbey and Enfield, insists on minimum pay of thirty shillings a week. A mere trifle, not comparable with the £400 a year some honourable Members mean to vote for themselves.

"Why," exclaimed the Colonel, instincts of Chairman of Kitchen Committee asserting themselves, "thirty shillings for a week's work is less than one-half some of us pay for a bottle of wine at dinner."

This sounds pretty high. Don't find in wine list in dining-room any priced at £36 a dozen. Must be a private *cuvée* of Chairman of Committee. Members move uneasily in their seats. If it gets abroad that with their shilling dinner they sip a £3 bottle of wine it will make things awkward in their constituencies. Can't talk any more of necessity of reducing range of subscriptions to local charities, or of knocking off from their establishment an odd groom or gardener's boy, all on account of LLOYD GEORGE's extortion.

MARK quickly saw he had made mistake. Dropping his costly bottle of wine as if it were corked, dwelt on peril hourly environing workers in the danger-houses of the factories.

This brought up ACLAND with ingenious speech. Sir EDWARD WATKIN, whilst yet with us, used to say that the safest place in the world was a seat in the middle of a railway train travelling at the rate of forty miles an



AN EXPERT WITNESS OF THE NAVAL REVIEW.

Mr. McKenna (to Admiral Count Togo).—"Delighted to see you back in England, Admiral, and very proud to show you a Fleet which even you will be able to commend."

hour. FINANCIAL SECRETARY TO WAR OFFICE, varying illustration to suit time and circumstances, insisted that if a man really wants immunity from accident he should do a day's work in the danger-buildings of a gun factory. Cited figures to show that, according to the percentage of accidents per man at Woolwich, one could not expect to enjoy more than one disaster in the course of five hundred years.

As few of us attain that age, this seemed complete answer to MARK LOCKWOOD's case. But the Colonel was out for the evening. Determined to enjoy its full privileges he took a division, his amendment for reduction of Supply being negatived by 139 votes against 61. So surprised was House to find there were two hundred Members within hail that

it forthwith adjourned, it being ten minutes to six and a fine evening.

*Business done.*—Ordnance Vote carried through Committee passed the Report stage without controversy.

*Wednesday.*—Announcement that Government intend to carry Plural Voting Bill before prorogation has, after the manner of CORIOLANUS, fluttered your Volscians in Corioli. Known of course that subject would be dealt with during life of present Parliament. But nothing hitherto said about precise date. Assumed that the business would figure in programme of next session.

Certainly was not mentioned in KING's Speech last February, nor has it even been distantly alluded to in statements from Treasury Bench. A

week or two ago MASTER ELIBANK (nice boy for his years), in conference with Party agents from the provinces, alluded to it amongst other topics, and repeated general assurance that it was a project dear to heart of PRIME MINISTER and his colleagues. Did not even hint that it would be added to already overwhelming work of current session.

"And," as BANBURY says with tears in his honest eyes, "to come just now when things were going on so nicely!"

Truce sounded over Insurance Bill. Leaders of Opposition, wise in time, not going to repeat blunder of their attitude on Old Age Pensions, leaving full credit of vote catching measure to the enemy. PRINCE ARTHUR, grasping hand stretched across table by dexterous CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER, has agreed to work in common, with sole purpose of making best possible Act out of the Bill.

This pledge, given it leaks out that an unscrupulous Government all along meant to utilize time thus saved for passing of measure peculiarly hurtful to Conservative interest at parliamentary elections.

"Not if we know it," says FREDERICK BANBURY, dashing away the furtive tear and firmly fronting the insidious enemy.

*Business done.*—Vote on Account agreed to.

#### AT THE HOVAL.

[AYWARD AND 'OBBS ARE IN.]

*First Spectator.* Good Old TOM. Doesn't 'urry 'imself, does 'e.

*Second Spectator.* Not 'arf. Why should 'e? But they can't get 'im out. Not bowling, they can't.

*Third Spectator.* Bit rough on old JACK, though, 'is not running faster.

*Second Spectator.* Oh, JACK 's all right. JACK 's only a young un yet. 'E 'll be walking between the wickets when 'o 's as old as 'AYWARD. 'AYWARD 's earned the right to do it, that 's what I mean.

*Fourth Spectator.* Of course 'e 's, good old TOM!

*Second Spectator.* My, that was a good shot. 'OBBS can 'it, can't 'e? Don't look so strong either.

*First Spectator.* It 's not strength as makes 'ard 'itting; it 's knack; coming on the ball at the right moment. Look 'ow easy old TOM does it.

*Third Spectator.* Yes; but TOM 's strong too.

*First Spectator.* Of course 'e is. So 's 'OBBS. But it 's knack all the same! Timing the ball, that 's what it is. You wait till old RAZOR comes in, and I 'll prove it. No one could call 'im strong, not RAZOR, but I once saw 'im make 4 fours off one over. It 's all knack and timing.

*Second Spectator.* No, old RAZOR doesn't look strong; but can't 'e bowl! Some of the other counties wouldn't like to 'ave 'im, I don't think.



"Heady" Exhibition at R.A. "AND—AH—DO YOU LIKE OUR LITTLE SHOW AS WELL AS THE SALON IN PARIS, MADAMOISELLE!"

*Visitor.* "OH, MUCH, MUCH BETTAIRE."

*Exhibitor.* "REALLY! I'M DELIGHTED. AND WHY, PARTICULARLY?"

*Visitor.* "THERE IS SO MUCH LESS PIC-CHAIR!"

*Third Spectator.* I reckon, after 'IRST, RAZOR 's the most dangerous bowler in England.

*Fourth Spectator.* Oh, 'IRST! 'E 's a marvel, isn't 'e. Older than TOM, I believe.

*First Spectator.* I don't think so.

*Fourth Spectator.* Well, perhaps not; but not fur off. I wonder why 'AYWARD gave up bowling?

*Second Spectator.* Well 'it, 'OBBS! Did you see that? All with 'is wrist. There 's only one other man who could 'it like that, and that 's 'UTCHINGS.

*First Spectator.* Go it, 'OBBS! Well 'it again. That was a c'inker.

*Third Spectator.* Run up, TOM. Easy three there.

*First Spectator.* No use shouting, you can't 'ustle 'AYWARD. If you want to see some quick work between the wickets wait till 'ITCH and DUCAT are in.

*Third Spectator.* Oh, yes, JACK 'ITCH—'e can run. There, old TOM 's got 'is 50—give 'im a good cheer. Good old TOM!

*Chorus.* Good old 'AYWARD!

*Chorus again.* Good old 'AYWARD.

*First Spectator.* Whew! There 's old TOM run out. I knew 'e would be sooner or later. Well, 'e 's played a jolly good innings.

*Second Spectator.* Yes. No bowling could 'ave got 'im out. Oo 's next?

*Third Spectator.* Why, 'AYES, of course. Good old ERNIE.

*Fourth Spectator.* I 'ope ERNIE makes runs to-day. 'E 's had bad luck so far.

*First Spectator.* Prettiest bat in Eng'and, ERNIE is, when 'e 's set. I 'eard a bloke say once that 'AYES plays more like an amateur than a pro, and blowed if 'e isn't right. You watch 'ow easy 'e is.

*Second Spectator.* Steady there, ERNIE! You see 'ow nearly that one got 'im? 'E 's always in such a hurry to score.

*First Spectator.* Well, I'm open to bet a level tanner ERNIE makes fifty to-day. 'E looks like it. See how easy 'e is.

*Fourth Spectator.* What they want is a fast bowler like JACK 'ITCH, and then they'd get ERNIE caught in the slips.

*First Spectator.* Not 'im; 'e 's too careful. ERNIE won't get caught in the slips. DUCAT might, or BIRD; but not ERNIE.

[And so on for hours.]

From the advertisement of the Hôtel des Postes, Houffalize:—

"Pleasantly situated on the Ourthe's brims, Houffalize tasked his situation exceptionally hygienic to the charm of the walks picturesque and the good administration of the Post's Hotel. . . . Baths to the board, Baths of river. Peach."

The last line, it might be explained, is a translation of "Bains à l'Hôtel, Bains de rivière, Pêche."

"SCOUTS—At 85, Fullarton Street, Irvine, to Mr. and Mrs. A. Scouts, of Natal, Marzburg, Africa, twins."—*The Irvine Herald*. Boys, we hope.



*Young Blood.* "ER—WHAT SOCKS SHALL I WEAR TO-DAY, BEAMISH?"

*Valet.* "I SHOULD VENTURE TO SUGGEST THE ARCTIC BLUES, SIR. IT'S SO NECESSARY, IF I MAY SAY SO, TO KEEP THE EXTREMITIES COOL, SIR."

### AN APPEAL.

THE day draws nigh—that royal day, for which  
London assumes her bravest, poor and rich  
Hoping that all may pass without a hitch.

Now are the mid-street islands cleared away,  
Whereto, from roaring 'bus or sounding dray,  
The frightened traverser would leap, and pray.

Now the front windows on the route (or rowte)  
Are duly blocked to persons looking out  
By bare erections which before them sprout,

Whereon the carpenter suspends his din  
To view, each day with livelier chagrin,  
Luxurious luncheons going on within.

Now, too, in ever-growing hordes appear  
Strange faces and strange garb from far and near,  
Strange tongues fall strangely on the startled ear.

On every space the mounting seats rise high;  
Tall masts of Venice lure the upward eye,  
And cause collisions twixt the passers-by.

So London, heartened by a record Spring,  
Arranges to acclaim her crowned KING,  
And to enjoy herself like anything.

And on the day—that "day, which is not long"—  
O Sun, when London's multi-coloured throng  
Turns out regardless, going very strong,

I trust that thou wilt manfully decline  
All monkey-tricks, and condescend to shine,  
And, generally, make the weather fine.

Be it not thine, as often it has been,  
With ill-timed levity to mar the scene;  
Let all be decent, ordered, and serene.

With thy warm gaze, O blithe and jolly ball,  
Illume this loyal land; let no rain fall,  
For that, indeed, would be the deuce and all.

So shalt thou well requite the public's trust.  
And yet—if anywhere—if rain it must,  
Be it in London, where 'twould lay the dust.

For there are some who, leaving house or flat,  
Propose to fly the gladsome scene; and that,  
I may say, is the point I'm driving at.

Because, whate'er the London weather be,  
If it should rain where I am, by the sea,  
It would be simply tragical for me.

DUM-DUM.



## LYRA INEPTIARUM.

(Dedicated to the compiler of the  
"Great Thoughts" of Ella  
Wheeler Wilcox.)

## ALTRUISM.

Up through the soil, serenely singing  
Excelsior! with all its might,  
Each Brussel-sprout its mate is bringing  
(One little sprout were a lonely sight!).

## ASPIRATION.

Our souls come from far, far away,  
From planet to planet they flit,  
But I'd like while I stay in this casket  
of clay  
Some luminous thoughts to emit.

## CULPABLE OMISSIONS.

I.  
Green peas, sent up without potatoes,  
Are like a babe with only eight toes;  
And lamb, reft of the magic of mint-  
sauce,  
Recalls a Christmas minus Santa  
Claus.

II.  
Hamlet, without the Royal Prince,  
Makes the fastidious critic wince.  
An omelette, made without an egg,  
Is like a tent without a peg.

## HEARTS.

Each human being has a heart  
And is not meant to dwell apart;  
But him as friend I chiefly prize  
Whose heart is of the largest size.

## HOME TRUTHS.

Over and over and over  
These truths will I say and sing,  
That a wandering life befits a rover,  
That a bell when pulled should ring;  
That it's better to dine  
At eight than at nine,  
That a pong is a part of a ping,  
That the morning precedes the after-  
noon,  
That the sun gives forth more heat  
than the moon,  
That a throne is the seat of a king.

## LIFE'S IRONY.

By chance and not by patient toil  
Men build up their Bonanzas,  
But I spend butts of midnight oil  
Upon my simple stanzas.

## LOVE AND HATE.

Would you make a little Eden  
Of the pew you occupy,  
Then resolve to view your neighbour  
With no malice in your eye.  
If your enemy's down-hearted,  
Pat him kindly on the tête,  
And with coals of sudden kindness  
You will pulverise his hate.

## MAGNANIMITY.

The man who, when his deadliest foe  
Is lying prostrate in the gutter,

Will bravely go  
And offer him his last, his only pat  
of butter—  
He is the primeest specimen, I ween,  
And makes the very Cherubim seem  
mean!

## NEW AND OLD.

New thoughts are like new boots, they  
gall and hurt you;  
Old thoughts brace up the soul and  
right the wrong;  
It is the modern poet's greatest virtue  
To clothe the soul-shaking platitudes in  
song.

## OPTIMISM THE BEST POLICY.

The man who makes a molehill of a  
mountain  
Has earned a bath in the Pierian  
fountain.  
The man who makes a mountain of a  
mole-hill,  
At golf will always play the crucial  
hole ill.

## OUTSIDE v. INSIDE.

Do not measure by externals,  
Handsome is that handsome does;  
Nuts are tested by their kernels,  
Bees are better than their buzz.

## SIMPLICITY.

However full this crowded world,  
There's always room for a simple  
bard.  
It had need of me, or I would not be,  
I am here to make things less hard,  
And to extricate poor souls from  
drowning  
In the abysses of ROBERT BROWNING.

## SMILE'S SELF-HELP.

Smile a little, smile a little  
As you go along;  
Even though your kine be kittle  
And your bones are growing brittle,  
Smiling makes them strong.

Not alone when things are booming,  
But when grief's incessant glooming  
Ties you up in kinks,  
Smile—'tis better than consuming  
Alcoholic drinks.

## SODA-WATER.

With my exhilarating bubbles  
I wash away a world of troubles.  
I set the soiden toper free  
From all the horrors of D.T.;  
And all are better for knowing me.

## UPS AND DOWNS.

Just as a shoe must have two  
Kinds of leathers,  
Its unders and its uppers;  
So life has ups and downs  
Of varied weathers—  
Its MILTONS and its TUPPERS.

FROM A MEDIEVAL  
"MORNING POST."

A KNIGHT, now leaving for the  
East, desires to let his noble Castel-  
lated Residence for Crusade or longer.  
Will accept nominal rent from careful  
tenant. The premises include Superb  
Moat and Portcullis, thus ensuring  
privacy. Magnificent dining-hall with  
ample supply of straw. Inventory  
includes Enchanted Forest, Feud with  
local Gentry, and usual appurten-  
ances of ideal Country Home. Ex-  
perienced Buffoon left if desired.

SMART ACTIVE PAGE, well up in  
Rope Ladder work and Correspond-  
ence (clandestine), seeks engagement.  
Country preferred.

CAPABLE SQUIRE AND HANDY MAN-  
AT-ARMS is at liberty. Two years'  
Good Reference; thoroughly under-  
stands cleaning Armour, and can load  
Arquebus or help with Molten Lead.  
Can make himself useful in Malmsey  
cellar if required.

TROUBADOUR desires Change. Un-  
rivalled Repertoire, including latest  
Ballades and Chansons. Can improvise  
if required. Juvenile parties and  
Jousts attended at shortest notice.

COMPETENT CUT-THROAT now dis-  
engaged (through no fault of his  
own) seeks genteel Employment.  
Accustomed to Knife-work and Poisons.  
Debts collected and troublesome Callers  
carefully attended to. Willing and  
obliging.

GENTLEWOMAN in reduced circum-  
stances seeks employment. Salary not  
so much an object as comfortable  
home and congenial surroundings.  
Can undertake emergency packing for  
Elopements, and renovate Arras. Able  
to write (long hand). Willing to act  
as chaperon at Tournaments and Hawk-  
ing Parties.

## What to Do with Our Nephews.

"Miss —, Eton College, would be pleased  
to recommend her First-rate Cook; two years  
eight months. Also her nephew as Kitchen  
or Scullery Man."—*Advt. in "Morning Post."*

Two extracts from *The Cumberland  
Evening News* :—

"Good Gentleman: 'I wish beer was at the  
bottom of the sea.' Navy: 'Well, mister,  
can't say I does, but my brother wouldn't mind.'  
Good Gentleman: 'Ah! Is the noble fellow  
a staunch teetotaler?' Navy: 'No, he's a  
diver.'"—page 2.

"How many times has the tale been told  
this election of the stern teetotal lecturer who  
shouted out, 'I wish all the alcohol were at the  
bottom of the sea.' 'So do I, guv'nor!' cried  
a man at the back. 'Ah, my friend, then you,  
too, are with us. You are a temperance man!'  
'No, I aren't; I'm a diver.'"—page 3.

Twice, anyhow.





*Critic.* "NOURISH HIM WID THE WHIP, PATSY, THE WAY YE'D LET US SEE WHAT SORT OF A BASTE YE'VE GOT."

*Patsy.* "HOULD YOUR WHISHT, MAN! SURE, AMN'T I TRYING TO KEEP HIM INSIDE OF THE SPEED LIMUT PASSING THE POLIS!"

### THE SIDING.

I LIE awake at night and bitterly ask myself what I had to complain of in the dear old days that are gone. Could I but live them over again, enjoy but one of those peaceful nights of long ago, I should be content.

"There," I should now say, smiling blissfully as the shrill whistle awoke me, "goes the 3.40." I should wish myself adieu, as I buried my head in the pillow again. "Till 4.40!" I should say, sighing happily.

But as it is—

They have lately constructed a siding under my window.

I asked Sisyphus the meaning of it. I always ask Sisyphus. He has, poor fellow, made a hobby of Explaining, and when I tell you that each morning I leave him rolling milk churns from the wall to the edge of the platform, and each evening I find him rolling milk churns from the edge of the platform to the wall, you will see why I have not the heart to understand without his help.

"Can you explain to me, Sisyphus," I said when I saw the direction in which the partly-constructed line was pointing, "why the Company has decided, without consulting my wishes,

to run a branch line through my kitchen?"

"It's alright," he assured me, "it's a siding."

It sounded innocent enough, and for the time being I didn't give it another thought.

A week or two later Sisyphus proudly called my attention to its completion.

I waxed enthusiastic and waned sentimental. I compared it in my innocence to a backwater. I regarded it as a convalescent home where tired engines would recuperate, or as a haven of rest where veterans with one foot in the scrap-heap would spend their last days reviewing their strenuous lives and boasting to each other of the speed they made or the points they jumped in their wild youth.

I was in error! By two o'clock that very night I was disillusioned. I don't know on whom I can throw the blame of it all. I only know that some impersonal, unassailable "they" began at 1 A.M. to train young locomotives under my very window. Hour after hour I lay awake and listened. The moment I closed my eyes some particularly inexperienced engine, confused probably by the harsh shouts of the coach, would be guilty of a crude and

amateurish mistake which invariably caused its row of trucks to nudge each other and guffaw with amusement.

The shriek of the 3.40, which had previously been my chief dread, I scarcely noticed. The rumble of the 4.40 seemed only a soothing message from an old friend whom, I blamed myself, I had never properly appreciated. It seemed to me that I had wronged the 5.40, who, I now realised, had only in all kindness tried to persuade me to enjoy the beauties of the dawn. And the rattle of the 6.40 was less like a noise than any rattle I have ever heard.

At 7 o'clock I got up and looked out of the window.

On that new siding upon which I had been optimistic enough to suppose I should witness nothing but the admirable repose of age, an engine was playing "Touch" with a truck that was old enough to have known better, and Sisyphus—yes, Sisyphus, was playing "Hide and Seek" with the truck.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Morning," said Sisyphus as I came on to the platform.

"I know," I answered peevishly. "That's why I got up."

### THE INEVITABLE WARDE.

THE position is this: Warde loves George, but George cannot stand the sight of Warde. Unfortunately the relations between their respective fathers (in Yorkshire) is such that George (in London) cannot say so. For three years he put up with the droppings-in of Warde and endured the long-drawn agony of his automobile conversations (there is nothing that George detests so much as the inwards of a machine) till at last he came and sought my protection. We thereupon determined to share a flat, and it says much for my ingenuity and the offensiveness of my demeanour that Warde has only got at George three times during the year and then has never stayed more than half an hour. Once he got in during my absence, and George, perspiring, gave himself up for lost, but William, our friend and confidant (who has the makings of a real brute in him), intervened, and Warde, departing in haste, is reported to have said that, much as he admires and loves George, he could wish that he had made friends more worthy of himself.

So far, so good. George, immune from the worry of sparking plugs that will not spark and forty-horse-powers that are really fifty, grew fat and contented. Paternal relations in the country remained in accord, and William and I bore all the blame in London with light hearts and even some pride. Then George, getting careless, caught appendicitis, was borne off to a nursing home, suffered a little, soon began to convalesce and invited all his real friends to come and watch him doing it. Of these things Warde got wind, and accosted William for further details. Scarcely had William come to me and warned me of the danger ahead, when I was rung up on our telephone.

"Can you tell me," said a voice that might have been anybody's, "the address of the home where George is being ill?"

"Yes," I said, incautiously. "To whom am I speaking?"

"Warde," came the answer, and I thought rapidly, but not too clearly, how to get rid of my—"Yes."

"Erm—Yes. Yes—Erm. You know, poor old George is very ill."

"I do, and I also know that he is seeing people. He will be disappointed if I don't go. Can you give me the address?"

"Well, not exactly. You see, I always go there in a cab."

"What do you say to the cabman?" persisted the voice.

"Quite so. What do I say to the cabman? What, indeed? Something like this. 'Cabman, the person who accompanies me will pay the piper and must call the tune. Drive wherever he tells you.'"

"Well, where do you send the letters?" This on a querulous note.

"George never has any letters," I said, briefly.

"Nonsense. I wrote to him myself yesterday."

"Ah! That letter—the only one George has ever had. I—we took it round in a cab, and George got so excited over it that a relapse is feared. What he wants, in my opinion," I added, confidentially, "is absolute quiet."

"My father tells me——" began the voice, and, in the light of all that the voice's father had told it, it seemed useless to pursue that line. So the cross-examination continued, helped by the fact that William had already been in the box and made some damaging admissions.

"Percy Street?" said I. "Well, I never rightly knew, but now you mention that name I confess that it had just that look. Number 7, 17, 77 or was it 3A? You know I can see it all in my mind's eye, but I can't just describe it."

"Oddly enough, that is exactly what your friend William said. Is it on the right or the left?" Warde is immovable.

"I don't know what you will think of me," said I, "but I never can remember which is right and which is left. To find out, I have to look at my finger nails to see which are the better cut. Now of course my right hand is my better hand, but it doesn't cut its own nails, so, when I have looked, I get so confused between the better hand and the better cut hand that I have to get some scissors out and try for myself then and there. Unfortunately, when I go to see George, I never have a pair of scissors in my pocket."

"Can't anybody tell me where the place is?" said the voice, positively angry.

"Of course. Let me see. Have you tried his doctor?"

"No. Where does he live?"

"Ah! That I can tell you," said I. "Next door to George."

\* \* \* \* \*

Not to be beaten, the persistent fellow wrote to George, and George answered:—"My very dear Warde,—Your kindness is most touching and appreciated." (There were two pages of that.) "I am most disappointed to

have to confess that even I don't know the address of this house. I arrived here in a weak and unobservant state of mind and, though I determined even then to send for you as soon as possible, I forgot to look at the number. Of course I might ask, but it seems so rude to my hostess to appear not to know the number of the house I am staying in. She is, I fear, peculiarly sensitive." This was followed by four repetitions of the original statement and a most affectionate conclusion.

Good for George! Unhappily, being unmanned by his illness or carried away by his enthusiasm, he wrote on notepaper fully stamped with the number and all. From that Warde inferred that George's need was greater even than he had been told, and the worst happened at once. It seems likely to go on happening, unless the doctor can be induced to say that appendicitis has suddenly been discovered to be infectious. Failing that, George must suffer till he is loose again, and the last straw, he tells me, is that Warde refers to the human anatomy, and particularly George's own, to illustrate and explain what he means about carburettors.

### PATIENCE ON A WEIR.

WHEN the summer sun is lusty,  
And the roads are dry and dusty,  
And the crimson may's turned rusty

On the stems,  
From a weir a maiden fishes,  
As can anyone who wishes,  
Since beneath the boards there swishes  
Father Thames!

You may watch the cane wand winnow  
As it drops her dace or minnow  
(Which their deft and expert spin owe  
To a wrist

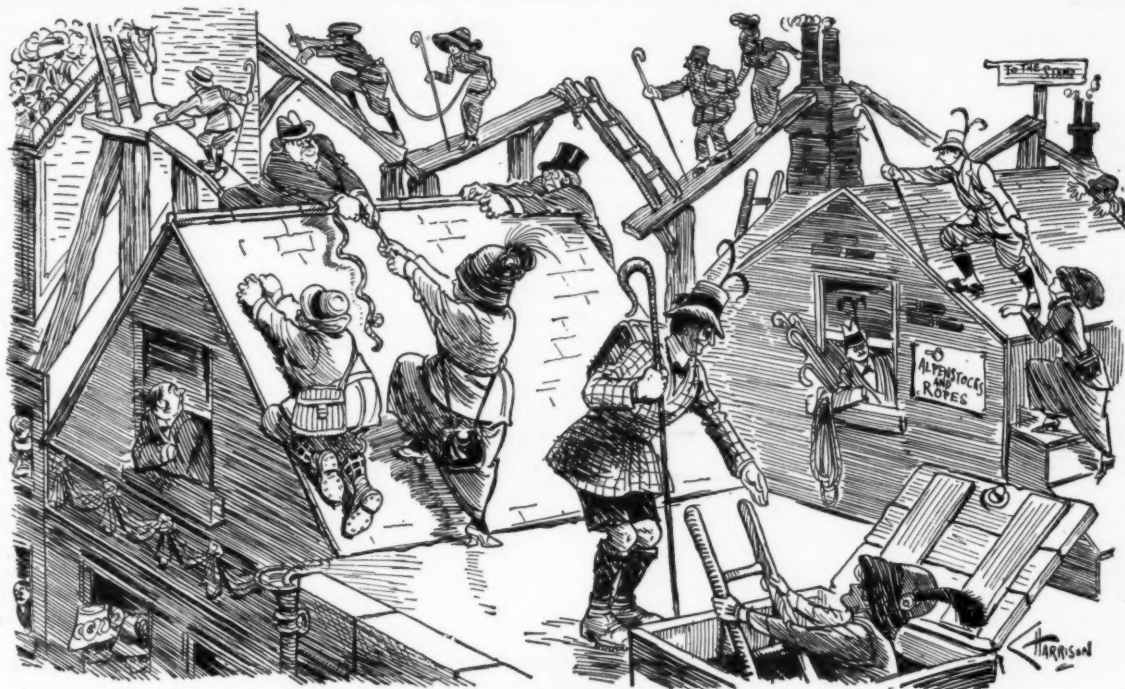
Tough as steel, but trim and tiny,  
And as round as that of Phryne),  
Where the stream spreads silver-shiny,  
Sunbeam-kissed!

With a heart that does not vary  
See, she waits, a water-fairy  
Come ashore in cool and airy  
Linen drill,

While a kingfisher, down dashing  
Where the schools of fry are splashing,  
Spots a rival, and goes flashing  
With his kill!

Still at eve when swifts are flying  
And the wasteful sunset's dying  
You may see her light lure flying  
Up and out;

Oh, may I be near to net him  
(If the gods grant that she get him),  
Should some Triton (Thamis, let him!)  
Send a trout!



## CORONATION ROOF SEATS.

ALL THE EXCITEMENT OF A SWISS MOUNTAIN CLIMB. PRICE INCLUDES GUIDES, ROPES, ALPENSTOCKS AND AN ACCIDENT INSURANCE POLICY.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE gods were very good to *Gaspard Cadillac*, the Provençal, once stoker on the Rhone, but now married and living (in prodigious luxury, I should imagine) at Grande Anse. When he killed his companion *Yves* on the island where they were shipwrecked together, I remembered what a deal of annoyance the Ancient Mariner had to undergo about a mere waterfowl, and feared the worst for *Gaspard*, especially when he fell into the clutches of that disreputable trader, *Sagesse*, who rescued him from his first experience as a Crusoe. But the hero of *The Ship of Coral* (HUTCHINSON) had a knack of falling upon his feet, and, though he was left upon the same island (marooned this time) a few weeks after, there was a handy American vessel in the offing to take him back to St. Pierre, his pockets stuffed full of the hard-earned life-savings of a defunct buccaneer, and with the prospect of hearing the loud bassoon played at his own wedding feast. Mr. H. DE VERE STACPOOLE has written a novel of the right sort, full of strange happenings on the high seas, with excitement maintained to the very end, and a pretty love-chapter thrown in. If I have a fault to find with it, it is that the author's riotously luxuriant scene-painting (excellent though it is) is apt to divert attention from the movement of his drama, for one cannot imagine that *Monsieur Cadillac* revelled in the magnificence of tropical effects with the same cultured appreciation as Mr. STACPOOLE. But *The Ship of Coral* is most certainly a book to be read, and, if you feel that *Gaspard* drew an almost unfair overdraught on the bank of good fortune, who, after all, is better fitted to do so than a French sailor, and a Provençal at that?

I have long regarded the stories of Mr. JACK LONDON as a welcome relief from the dulness of most contemporary fiction, and his latest, *Burning Daylight* (HEINEMANN) did nothing to disappoint me in this respect. It has two very excellent points, both of which should make for popularity. First, it treats of one of those super-beings whose triumphs and exploits we all, deep down in our hero-worshipping hearts, love to contemplate; secondly, the period of the tale is one of which the memory is still fresh enough to give the reader a personal interest in it. This is the time of the Klondyke gold discoveries, and the first—and to my thinking decidedly the best—half of *Burning Daylight*'s story concerns his hardships and adventures in the frozen Yukon country. No one who recalls the author's previous work will need to be told with what wonderful skill the atmosphere of this grim and unfriendly land is conveyed. There is one chapter, especially, which tells how, for a bet, *Daylight* raced two thousand miles over an unbroken trail of ice and snow in sixty days, that seems to me absolutely the best piece of descriptive writing of its kind that ever I read. Later, when, with a fortune of eleven millions, *Daylight* comes East to try his luck among the comparatively civilized populations of San Francisco and New York, the tale becomes more ordinary, and by so much less absorbing. But the effect upon the hero of this new life is excellently told. I shall not spoil the end for you with hints of its nature; whether you find it wholly convincing or not (I didn't) the book remains one that is quite worth anybody's while to read for himself. Yes, Sirs! Every time!

If Miss CYNTHIA STOCKLEY was determined to take for protagonist a perfect being of her own sex, whose ability was as great as her virtue and her beauty infinitely more amazing than either, she should never have allowed this



paragon to tell her story in the first person. Ladies will detect *Deirdre Saurin* intensely and with reason, and even a man, moderately conscious of his own demerits, is bound to dislike from the first a woman who tells him a dozen times in the first twenty pages that she is charming in every way; nor will he get to love her better when, with cumulative egotism, she sets out in detail her triumphant progress through all the minor feminine virtues to a climax of ineffable self-sacrifice and positive saintliness. And yet, granted the one touch of humour in the authoress or the heroine which would have prevented this mistake or have averted its disastrous effect, *The Claw* (HURST and BLACKETT) would have been more than readable, with its impressive background of Africa and its faithful presentation of English people out of England but with all their English limitations. The men are heroic, the women properly feminine, and the rivalry for the love of *Anthony Kinsella* is cleverly done. One could have followed with pleasure the passionate history of the heroine herself, if only her blatant self-satisfaction had been suppressed or to some extent kept in hand.

In *Crooked Answers* there are, let me tell you, no cross questions. The people who write and answer the series of letters which make up the book are all good-tempered and pleasant, except *Lady Lydia Pendle*, who, I feel sure, had a very tight waist as well as a wasplike sting at the tail-end of her sentences. She writes from Queen's Gate, chiefly to *Lady Sarah Overton* (a good sort), who is chaperoning her daughter *Aline* at the *Hôtel Victoria*, Menaggio. Then there is *Professor Lance*, who writes from Campden Hill Square to his daughter *Patricia*—*pater docto filia doctior*, except when she was too clever—at the *Kulm Hotel* at *St. Moritz*; and *Mr. Peter Hope*, the champion *Cresta tobogganer*, who writes at first from the *Continental* in *Rome*, and then (the sly dog) from the *Kulm*; and lastly *Neville Waring* of the 200th Foot, who writes from Menaggio because that is where *Aline* happens to be. The joint authors, *PHYLLIS BOTTOME* and *H. DE LISLE BROCK*, round some difficult corners and do some delicate steering before they safely land the young couples at the *Church Leap*—*St. George's*, *Hanover Square*, *bien entendu*, not the scarcely less dangerous one at the beginning of the *Cresta*. But the letters never seem to me to be real. They have not the art which marked a more famous imaginary correspondence, which was also, if I remember rightly, published by *Mr. JOHN MURRAY*. Still they give the lovers and the reader a fairly good and amusing run for their money.

To *Ivor* (MURRAY) I give full marks for its fine collection of villainous scoundrels. Wreckers, smugglers, knavish lawyers, venal rascals, an ignoble lord and a black man called *Sambo*, have all sat to *Mr. GEORGE HANSBY RUSSELL*

for their portraits. Then we also have a very proper hero "with the strength of a young lion" and "the sinews of a Samson," who moved enormous boulders so that he could save the life of the enchanting heroine. Had *Ivor* lived in this prosaic age he would have got his 'blue' at Cambridge for throwing the hammer and putting the weight; indeed I can almost imagine that he would have caused anxiety to the scholars of *Mr. RHODES* at the *Inter-Varsity Sports*. But in the century in which he lived feats of strength were reserved to harass noxious noblemen and to relieve distressed and beautiful damsels. Such feats *Ivor* performed with unflagging energy, and though, considering his intimate knowledge of French, I found him excessively modest in his use of that language, I am not prepared in any other respect to accuse him of diffidence.

*Mr. STANLEY PORTAL HYATT* says pretty definitely in *The Land of Promises* (WERNER LAURIE) that you must go to Africa to learn what happens there, and then you must search *Capel Court* for clues to those happenings—

"that is, of course, if you are interested in discovering the truth." Personally I am interested, but I haven't had time lately for the journey, so I have taken—not rashly, I think—*Mr. HYATT's* book as evidence. I can recommend it to those who are not quite intrigued enough to go independently on trek in pursuit of the truth, but are keen on a readable story with vividly drawn characters. Such superficial readers as haven't much use for that can amuse themselves by trying at random to open the volume at a page which



THINGS WE HAVE NEVER SEEN.

I.—AN OPULENT ARTIST DISCOVERING AN OBSCURE AND NEGLECTED ART CRITIC.

doesn't contain the word "whilst."

#### TO A DÉBUTANTE.

You trip, O Youth incarnate, down the stairs,  
Dear Miss Nineteen, whose dance-fresh grace defies  
Blossom of orchards, April's very skies;  
So might a nymph have slid to shepherd airs  
In groves of cypress where the ringdove pairs,  
Lightfoot, elusive, panting, woodland-wise,  
With just a half-shy challenge in the eyes,  
To fan pursuit or wake the love that dares.

Still I, your mid-aged friend, do most acclaim  
Not the curved lip, the sun-steeped eyes of you,  
Nor two slim feet, the bard-sung "little mice,"  
But that dear gift, the clean, untarnished flame  
That sends you, 'twixt the midnight chimes and two,  
With cheery gusto into supper thrice!

Extract from a letter asking for the character of a Swiss governess:—

"Was she eating with you upon the table? Is she straightforward and of nice disposition, or do she get easily impatient like sometimes the Berlese?"